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are spun into thread. Of this flaxen thread they make linen cloth, and of the hemp they make ropes and cords. The shirt you have on, my dear Billy, once grew in a field, and so did Miss Charlotte's frock. You have often seen Goody Prudence making lace, with exceedingly fine thread, which was produced from flax finely prepared.

Bless me, where are we rambling to: we must return, or we shall be too late for dinner; but, in the way home, I will tell you something concerning cotton, which is peculiar to the East and West Indies, and of this muslins, dimities, and calicoes are made.

Cotton grows on a tree bearing its own name, in pods about the size of a nut, which encloses the seed. As these ripen, the outside becomes black, and the heat of the sun splits them open. They are then gathered, and the cotton is separated from the seeds by a proper machine. It
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is then spun, when the weavers work it up into different articles.

Such is the ingenuity and invention of some people, that in parts beyond the great ocean, where they have neither hemp, flax, nor cotton, they make a very curious cloth from the bark of trees, such as would be beyond our belief, had not some of our navigators brought pieces of it home.

Thus you see, my dear children, that though Providence may have given to some countries more than to others, yet that same power has bestowed on human nature such a strength of invention, as shall enable them to accommodate themselves some how or other, in every circumstance of life. Providence has been no less careful to provide for the fishy inhabitants of the waters, the beasts of the earth, and the fowls of the air. Even those very insects, many of which are too small for the naked eye to discover, are not overlooked by his all-seeing eye. How

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